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Reincarnations

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## REINCARNATIONS



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MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED  
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TORONTO

# REINCARNATIONS

BY

JAMES STEPHENS

AUTHOR OF "THE HILL OF VISION"  
"THE CROCK OF GOLD," ETC.

New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1918

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TO  
ALICE STOPFORD GREEN



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# REINCARNATIONS



## GEOFFREY KEATING

O WOMAN full of wiliness!  
Although for love of me you pine,  
Withhold your hand adventurous,  
It holdeth nothing holding mine.

Look on my head, how it is grey!  
My body's weakness doth appear;  
My blood is chill and thin; my day  
Is done, and there is nothing here.

Do not call me a foolish man,  
Nor lean your lovely cheek to mine:  
O slender witch, our bodies can  
Not mingle now, nor any time.

12      GEOFFREY KEATING

So take your mouth from mine, your  
hand

From mine, ah, take your lips away!  
Lest heat to will should ripen, and  
All this be grave that had been gay.

It is this curl, a silken nest,  
And this grey eye bright as the dew,  
And this round, lovely, snow-white  
breast  
That draws desire in search of you.

I would do all for you, meseems,  
But this, tho' this were happiness!  
I shall not mingle in your dreams,  
O woman full of wiliness!



## MARY HYNES

SHE is the sky of the sun,  
She is the dart  
Of love,  
She is the love of my heart,  
She is a rune,  
She is above  
The women of the race of Eve  
As the sun is above the moon.

Lovely and airy the view from the hill  
That looks down Ballylea ;  
But no good sight is good until  
By great good luck you see  
The Blossom of the Branches walking  
towards you  
Airily.

## THE COOLUN

COME with me, under my coat,  
And we will drink our fill  
Of the milk of the white goat,  
Or wine if it be thy will ;  
And we will talk until  
Talk is a trouble, too,  
Out on the side of the hill,  
And nothing is left to do,  
But an eye to look into an eye  
And a hand in a hand to slip,  
And a sigh to answer a sigh,  
And a lip to find out a lip :  
What if the night be black  
And the air on the mountain chill,  
Where the goat lies down in her  
track

And all but the fern is still !

Stay with me, under my coat,  
And we will drink our fill

Of the milk of the white goat  
Out on the side of the hill.

## PEGGY MITCHELL

As lily grows up easily,  
In modest, gentle dignity,  
To sweet perfection,  
So grew she,  
As easily.

Or as the rose that takes no care  
Will open out on sunny air  
Bloom after bloom, fair after fair,  
Sweet after sweet ;  
Just so did she,  
As carelessly.

She is our torment without end,  
She is our enemy and friend,  
Our joy, our woe ;

And she will send  
Madness or glee  
To you and me,  
And endlessly.

NANCY WALSH

I, WITHOUT bite or sup,  
If thou wert fated for me,  
I would up  
And would go after thee  
Through mountains.

A thousand thanks from me  
To God have gone,  
Because I have not lost my senses  
to thee,  
Though it was hardly I escaped from  
thee,  
O ringleted one!

## THE RED MAN'S WIFE

THEN she arose  
And walked in the valley  
In her fine clothes.

After great fire  
Great frost  
Comes following.

Turgesius was lost  
By the daughter of Maelsheachlin  
The King.

By Grainne,  
Of high Ben Gulbain in the north,  
Was Diarmuid lost.

20 THE RED MAN'S WIFE

The strong sons of Ushna,  
Who never submitted,  
They fell by Deirdre.



## NANCY WALSH

It is not on her gown  
She fears to tread ;  
It is her hair  
Which tumbles down  
And strays  
About her ways  
That she must care.

And she lives nigh this place :  
The dead would rise  
If they could see her face ;  
The dead would rise  
Only to hear her sing :  
But death is blind, and gives not ear  
nor eye  
To anything.

We would leave behind  
Both wife and child,  
And house and home ;  
And wander blind,  
And wander thus,  
And ever roam,  
If she would come to us  
In Erris.

Softly she said to me —  
Be patient till the night comes,  
And I will go with thee.

## ANTHONY O'DALY

SINCE your limbs were laid out

The stars do not shine,

The fish leap not out

In the waves.

On our meadows the dew

Does not fall in the morn,

For O'Daly is dead :

Not a flower can be born,

Not a word can be said,

Not a tree have a leaf ;

Anthony, after you

There is nothing to do,

There is nothing but grief.

## MARY RUANE

THE sky-like girl whom we knew !  
She dressed herself to go to the fair  
In a dress of white and blue ;  
A white lace cap, and ribbons white  
She wore in her hair ;  
She does not hear in the night  
Her mother crying for her,  
Where,  
Deep down in the sea,  
She rolls and lingers to and fro  
Unweariedly.

WILLIAM O'KELLY

THE Protecting Tree

Of the men of the land of Fál!

What aileth thee,

And why is it that all

About thee grieves?

Alas, O Tree of the Leaves!

Here is thy rhyme:

Thy bloom is lightened;

And if thy fruit be withered

Thy root hath not tightened

At the same time.

Not since the Gael was sold

At Aughrim. Not since to cold,

Dull death went Owen Roe ;  
Not since the drowning of Clann Adam  
    in the days of Noe  
    Brought men to hush,  
Has such a tale of woe come to us  
    In such a rush.

The true flower of the blood of the  
    place is fallen :  
The true clean-wheat of the Gael is  
    reaped.

Destruction be upon Death,  
    For he has come and taken from our  
    tree  
    The topmost blackberry !

## SEAN O'COSGAIR

PITY it was that you should ever stand  
In ship or boat,  
Or that you went afloat  
Inside that ship!

The lusty steps you took!  
The ways and journeys you knew  
how to wend  
From London back to Beltra,  
And this end!

You who could swim so well!  
What time you sported in the lifting  
tides  
The girls swam out to you, and held  
your sides

When they were weary, for they knew  
they were  
Safe, because you were there.

Your little-mother thought that this  
was true  
(And so she made no stir  
Till you were found),  
Although an hundred might be  
drownéd, you  
Would come back safe to her,  
And not be drowned!



## THE COUNTY MAYO

Now with the coming in of the spring  
the days will stretch a bit,  
And after the Feast of Brigid I shall  
hoist my flag and go,  
For since the thought got into my  
head I can neither stand nor sit  
Until I find myself in the middle of  
the County of Mayo.

In Claremorris I would stop a night  
and sleep with decent men,  
And then go on to Balla just beyond  
and drink galore,  
And next to Kiltinagh for a visit of  
about a month, and then  
I would only be a couple of miles  
away from Ballymore.

I say and swear my heart lifts up like  
the lifting of a tide,  
Rising up like the rising wind till fog  
or mist must go,  
When I remember Carra and Gallen  
close beside,  
And the Gap of the Two Bushes, and  
the wide plains of Mayo.

To Killaden then, to the place where  
everything grows that is best,  
There are raspberries there and straw-  
berries there and all that is good  
for men ;  
And if I were only there in the middle  
of my folk my heart could rest,  
For age itself would leave me there  
and I'd be young again.

## EILEEN, DIARMUID AND TEIG

BE kind unto these three, O King!

For they were fragrant-skinned, cheerful and giving;

Three stainless pearls, three of mild, winning ways,

Three candles sending forth three pleasant rays,

Three vines, three doves, three apples from a bough,

Three graces in a house, three who refused nohow

Help to the needy, three of slenderness,

Three memories for the companionless.

Three strings of music, three deep holes in clay,

Three lovely children who loved Christ always,

32 EILEEN, DIARMUID & TEIG

Three mouths, three hearts, three  
minds beneath a stone;

Ruin it is! three causes for the moan  
That rises everywhere now they are  
gone:

Be kind, O King, unto this two and  
one!

HONORO BUTLER AND LORD  
KENMARE (1720)

IN bloom and bud the bees are busily  
Storing against the winter their  
sweet hoard  
That shall be rifled ere the autumn be  
Past, or the winter comes with  
silver sword  
To fright the bees, until the merry  
round  
Tells them that sweets again are to  
be found.

The lusty tide is flowing by in ease,  
Telling of joy along its brimming  
way ;  
Far in its waters is an isle of trees

Whereto the sun will go at end of  
day,  
As who in secret place and dear is hid,  
And scarce can rouse him thence tho'  
he be chid.

Now justice comes all trouble to re-  
pair,

And cheeks that had been wan are  
coloured well,

The untilled moor is comely, and the  
air

Hath a great round of song from  
bird in dell,

And bird on wing and bird on forest  
tree,

And from each place and space where  
bird may be

The languid are made strong, the  
strong grow stronger,

There is no grievance here, and no  
distress,

The woeful are not woeful any longer,  
The rose hath put on her a finer  
dress,  
And every girl to bloom adds bloom  
again,  
And every man hath heart beyond  
all men.

For the Star of Munster, Pearl of  
the Golden Bough,  
Comes joyfully this day of days  
to wed  
Her choice of all whom fame hath  
loved till now,  
And who chose her from all that  
love instead:  
The Joy of the Flock, the Bud of the  
Branch is she,  
Crown of the Irish Pride and Chivalry.

He is a chief and prince, well famed  
is he,

The love of thousands unto him  
does run ;  
And all days were before and all  
will be,  
He was and will be loved by every  
one ;  
And she and he be loved by all no less  
Who courage love, and love, and  
loveliness.

The nobles of the province take their  
wine,  
And drink a merry health to groom  
and bride ;  
They shall be drunken ere the sun  
decline,  
And all their merrymaking lay  
aside  
In deep, sweet sleep that seals a  
merry day  
Until the dawn, when they shall ride  
away,



Leaving those two who now are one  
behind.

O Moon! pour on the silence all  
thy beams,

And for this night be beautiful and  
kind;

Weave in their sleep thy best and  
dearest dreams;

And fortune them in their own land  
to be

Safe from all evil chance, and from  
all enmity.

## CLANN CARTIE

MY heart is withered and my health  
is gone,  
For they who were not easy put upon,  
Masters of mirth and of fair clemency,  
Masters of wealth and gentle charity,  
They are all gone. Mac Caura Mór  
is dead,  
Mac Caura of the Lee is finishéd,  
Mac Caura of Kanturk joined clay to  
clay  
And gat him gone, and bides as deep  
as they.

Their years, their gentle deeds, their  
flags are furled,  
And deeply down, under the stiffened  
world,

In chests of oaken wood are princes  
thrust,  
To crumble day by day into the dust  
A mouth might puff at; nor is left  
a trace  
Of those who did of grace all that  
was grace.

O Wave of Cliona, cease thy bellowing!  
And let mine ears forget a while to  
ring  
At thy long, lamentable misery:  
The great are dead indeed, the great  
are dead;  
And I, in little time, will stoop my  
head  
And put it under, and will be forgot  
With them, and be with them, and  
thus be not:  
Ease thee, cease thy long keening,  
cry no more:  
End is, and here is end, and end is  
sore,

And to all lamentation be there end :  
If I might come on thee, O howling  
friend !

Knowing that sails were drumming  
on the sea

Westward to Eiré, and that help  
would be

Trampling for her upon a Spanish  
deck,

I'd ram thy lamentation down thy  
neck.

## THE LAND OF FÁL

If all must suffer equally, and pay  
In equal share for that sin wrought  
by Eve,

O Thou, if Thou wilt deign to answer,  
say :

Why are the poor tormented? why  
made grieve

The innocent? why are the free  
enslaved?

Why have the wicked peace tho'  
void of ruth?

Why are there none to pity, when,  
dismayed,

And sick with fear, the lamb bleats  
to the tooth

That tears him down? why is the cry  
unheard

42      THE LAND OF FÁL

Of lonely anguish? why, when the  
land of Fál  
Had loved Thee long and well, was  
she not spared  
The ruin that hath stamped her  
under all  
That mourn and die?

## INIS FÁL

Now may we turn aside and dry our  
tears,

And comfort us, and lay aside our fears,

For all is gone — all comely quality,

All gentleness and hospitality,

All courtesy and merriment is gone;

Our virtues all are withered every one,

Our music vanished and our skill to  
sing :

Now may we quiet us and quit our  
moan,

Nothing is whole that could be broke;  
no thing

Remains to us of all that was our own.

## OWEN O'NEILL

If poesy have truth at all,  
If some great lion of the Gael  
Shall rule the lovely land of Fál;  
O yellow mast and roaring sail!  
Carry the leadership for me,  
Writ in this letter, o'er the sea  
To great O'Neill.



## EGAN O'RAHILLY

HERE in a distant place I hold my  
tongue ;  
I am O'Rahilly :  
When I was young,  
Who now am young no more,  
I did not eat things picked up from  
the shore.

The periwinkle, and the tough dog-  
fish  
At even-time have got into my dish !  
The great, where are they now ! the  
great had said —  
This is not seemly, bring to him  
instead

That which serves his and serves our  
dignity —  
And that was done.

I am O'Rahilly :  
Here in a distant place I hold my  
tongue,  
Who once said all his say, when he  
was young !

## RIGHTEOUS ANGER

THE lanky hank of a she in the inn  
over there

Nearly killed me for asking the loan  
of a glass of beer :

May the devil grip the whey-faced  
slut by the hair,

And beat bad manners out of her  
skin for a year.

That parboiled imp, with the hardest  
jaw you will see

On virtue's path, and a voice that  
would rasp the dead,

Came roaring and raging the minute  
she looked at me,

And threw me out of the house on  
the back of my head !

48      RIGHTEOUS ANGER

If I asked her master he'd give me a  
cask a day ;  
But she, with the beer at hand, not a  
gill would arrange !  
May she marry a ghost and bear him  
a kitten, and may  
The High King of Glory permit her  
to get the mange.

## THE WEAVERS

MANY a time your father gave me aid  
When I was down, and now I'm  
down again :

You mustn't take it bad or be dis-  
mayed

Because I say, young folk should  
help old men

And 'tis their duty to do that :  
Amen !

I have no cows, no sheep, no cloak,  
no hat,

For those who used to give me  
things are dead

And my luck died with them : be-  
cause of that

I won't pay you a farthing, but,  
instead,  
I'll owe you till the dead rise from  
the dead.

A farthing! that's not much, but, all  
the same,  
I haven't half a farthing, for that  
grand  
Big idiot called Fortune rigged the  
game  
And gave me nothing, while she  
filled the hand  
Of every stingy devil in the land.

You weave, and I: you shirts: I  
weave instead  
My careful verse — but you get  
paid at times!  
The only rap I get is on my head:  
But should it come again that men  
like rhymes  
And pay for them, I'll pay you for  
your shirt.

## ODELL

MY mind is sad and weary thinking  
how  
The griffins of the Gael went over  
the sea  
From noble Eiré, and are fighting  
now  
In France and Flanders and in  
Germany.

If they, 'mid whom I sported without  
dread,  
Were home I would not mind what  
foe might do,  
Or fear tax-man Odell would seize my  
bed  
To pay the hearth-rate that is  
overdue.

I pray to Him who, in the haughty  
hour  
Of Babel, threw confusion on each  
tongue,  
That I may see our princes back in  
power,  
And see Odell, the tax-collector,  
hung.



## THE APOLOGY

Do not be distant with me, do not be  
  Angry because I drank deep of  
  your wine,  
But treat that laughing matter laugh-  
  ingly  
  Because I am a poet, and incline  
By nature and by art to jollity.

Always I loved to see, I will aver,  
  The good red tide lip at the flagon's  
  brim,  
Sitting half fool and half philosopher,  
  Chatting with every kind of her  
  and him,  
And shrugged at sneer of money-  
  gatherer.

Often enough I trudge by hedge and  
wall,

Too often there's no money in my  
purse,

Nor malice in my mind ever at all,

And for my songs no person is the  
worse

But I who give all of my store to all.

If busybody spoke to you of it,

Say, kindly man, if kindly man do  
live :

The poet only takes his sup and bit,

And say : It is no great return to  
give

For his unstinted gift of verse and wit.

## THE GANG

OUR fathers must have sinned: we  
pay for it!

Through them the base-born tribe  
that sold their king  
Sneaked into power, and in high places  
sit,

And do their will and wish in every-  
thing;

For they may rob and kill, grieve  
and disgrace

All who are left alive of Eiver's race.

They seized with daring guile on rank  
and pelf,

And swore that they would never  
bend a knee

Unto the king: they robbed the  
Church herself:

They stole our princes' lands, and  
o'er the sea  
They packed those princes, or drove  
them away  
To barren rocks and fields that have  
no clay.

That spawn of base mechanics! who  
could ne'er,  
Though Doomsday came, by any  
art be made  
Noble, are noble now, and have no  
care:  
Snugly they sit and safe and un-  
afraid  
In stately places, proud as if the mud  
And slime that swills their veins were  
princes' blood.

Let us be wise and wary of that gang!  
When they seem friendly know  
they have much wit,

And if it come that any man shall  
hang

This neck will go unchoked, that  
nose unslit,

For, be things wry and crooked and  
to guess,

Those twisters are at home in twisti-  
ness.

We know now what their plottings  
were about,

And how they planned, and what  
they meant to win;

'Twas God, not us, that took their  
tangles out,

For no sleek eel inside an oily skin  
Could slip with more address from  
harm than they

Can slip from punishment and get  
away.

When trouble came it was their plan  
to get

Our friends into the boat they  
meant to leave,  
And there was some one left to pay  
their debt,  
And they were free again to lie  
and thief:  
So they could put the feet of the man  
they'd rob  
Into the boots of the one that did the  
job.

If burnt child does truly dread the  
flame,  
If wounded soldier shrinks again to  
see  
A steel point sloping to him, let the  
same  
Experience teach our chiefs that  
they may be  
Crafty in meeting craft, and may  
beware  
Of brewer's bees and buzzers every-  
where.

Unto the Mind which pardons sin I  
pray,

I pray to Him who did permit our  
woe

But halted our destruction, that to-day  
Kindness and love and trust and  
inward glow

Of vision light our hearts with light  
divine,

So that we know our way until the  
end of time.

## THE GERALDINE'S CLOAK

I WILL not heed the message which  
you bring :

That lovely lady gave her cloak  
to us,  
And who'd believe she'd give away  
a thing  
And ask it back again? — 'tis  
fabulous !

My parting from her gave me cause  
to grieve,  
For she, that I was poor, had  
misty eyes ;  
If some Archangel blew it I'd believe  
The message which you bring, not  
otherwise.



THE GERALDINE'S CLOAK 61

I do not say this just to make a joke,  
Nor would I rob her, but, 'tis  
verity,  
So long as I could swagger in a cloak  
I never cared how bad my luck  
could be.

That lady, all perfection, knows the  
sting  
Of poverty was thrust deep into  
me:  
I don't believe she'd do this kind of  
thing,  
Or treat a poet less than daintily.

## SKIM-MILK

A SMALL part only of my grief I  
write;

And if I do not give you all the  
tale

It is because my gloom gets some  
respite

By just a small bewailing: I bewail  
That I with sly and stupid folk must  
bide

Who steal my food and ruin my inside.

Once I had books, each book beyond  
compare,

But now no book at all is left to me,  
And I am spied and peeped on every-  
where,

And my old head, stuffed with latin-  
ity,  
And with the poet's load of grave and  
gay  
Will not get me skim-milk for half  
a day.

Wild horse or quiet, not a horse have I,  
But to the forest every day I go  
Bending beneath a load of wood, that  
high!

Which raises on my back a sorry row  
Of raw, red blisters; so I cry, alack,  
The rider that rides me will break my  
back.

Ossian, when he was old and near his  
end,  
Met Patrick by good luck, and he  
was stayed;  
I am a poet too and seek a friend,  
A prop, a staff, a comforter, an aid,

A Patrick who will lift me from  
despair,  
In Cormac Uasal Mac Donagh of the  
golden hair.

## BLUE BLOOD

WE thought at first, this man is a  
king for sure,  
Or the branch of a mighty and ancient  
and famous lineage —  
That silly, sulky, illiterate, black-  
avised boor  
Who was hatched by foreign vulgarity  
under a hedge.

The good men of Clare were drinking  
his health in a flood,  
And gazing with me in awe at the  
princely lad,  
And asking each other from what  
bluest blueness of blood  
His daddy was squeezed, and the pa  
of the da of his dad?

We waited there, gaping and wonder-  
ing, anxiously,  
Until he'd stop eating and let the  
glad tidings out,  
And the slack-jawed booby proved  
to the hilt that he  
Was lout, son of lout, by old lout,  
and was da to a lout!

## O'BRUAIDAR

I WILL sing no more songs: the pride  
of my country I sang  
Through forty long years of good  
rhyme, without any avail;  
And no one cared even as much as  
the half of a hang  
For the song or the singer, so here  
is an end to the tale.

If a person should think I complain  
and have not got the cause,  
Let him bring his eyes here and  
take a good look at my hand,  
Let him say if a goose-quill has cal-  
loused this poor pair of paws  
Or the spade that I grip on and  
dig with out there in the land?

When the great ones were safe and  
renowned and were rooted and  
tough,

Though my mind went to them and  
took joy in the fortune of those,  
And pride in their pride and their  
fame, they gave little enough,  
Not as much as two boots for my  
feet, or an old suit of clothes.

I ask of the Craftsman that fashioned  
the fly and the bird,

Of the Champion whose passion will  
lift me from death in a time,  
Of the Spirit that melts icy hearts  
with the wind of a word,  
That my people be worthy, and get,  
better singing than mine.

I had hoped to live decent, when  
Ireland was quit of her care,  
As a bailiff or steward perhaps in  
a house of degree,



But my end of the tale is, old brogues  
and old britches to wear,  
So I'll sing no more songs for the  
men that care nothing for me.



## NOTE

THIS book ought to be called Loot or Plunder or Pieces of Eight or Treasure-Trove, or some name which would indicate and get away from its source, for although everything in it can be referred to the Irish of from one hundred to three hundred years ago the word translation would be a misdescription. There are really only two translations in it, Keating's "O Woman full of Wiliness" and Raftery's "County Mayo." Some of the poems owe no more than a phrase, a line, half a line, to the Irish, and around these scraps I have blown a bubble of verse and made my poem. In other cases, where the matter of the

poem is almost entirely taken from the Irish, I have yet followed my own instinct in the arrangement of it, and the result might be called new poems.

My first idea was to make an anthology of people whom long ago our poets had praised, so that, in another language and another time, these honoured names might be heard again, even though in my own terms and not in the historic context. I did not pursue this course, for I could not control the material which came to me and which took no heed of my plan and was just as interesting. It would, therefore, be a mistake to consider that these verses are representative of the poets by whom they are inspired. In the case of David O'Bruidair this is less true than in any of the others, but, even in his case, although I have often conveyed his matter almost verbatim, the selection is not representative of the poet. One side only, and that the

least, is shown, for a greater pen than mine would be necessary if that tornado of rage, eloquence, and humour were to be presented; but the poems which I give might almost be taken as translations of one side of his terrific muse.

As regards Egan O'Rahilly a similar remark is necessary. No pen and no language but his own could even distantly indicate a skill and melody which might be spoken of as one of the wonders of the world. I have done exactly as I pleased with his material.

From Antoine O'Raftery I have taken more than from any of the others, and have in nearly every instance treated his matter so familiarly that a lover of Raftery (and who, having read a verse of his, does not love him?) might not know I was indebted to this poet for my songs. His work is different from that of Keating, O'Rahilly, or O'Bruadair, for

these were learned men, and were writing out of a tradition so hoary with age and so complicated in convention that only learned and subtle minds could attempt it. I have wondered would Keating or O'Rahilly have been very scornful of Raftery's work? I think they might have been angry at such an ignorance of all the rules, and would probably have torn the paper on which his poems were written, and sat down to compose a satire which would have raised blisters on that poor, blind, wandering singer, the master of them all.

In two of the poems which I tried to translate from Raftery I have completely failed. Against one of them I broke an hundred pens in vain; and in the other, "The County Mayo," I have been so close to success and so far from succeeding that I may mourn a little about it. The first three verses are not bad, but the last verse is the completest miss: the simplicity of the

original is there, its music is not, and in the last two lines the poignance, which should come on the reader as though a hand gripped at his heart, is absent. The other failure I have not printed because I could get no way on it at all: it would not even begin to translate. This is Raftery's reply to the man who did not recognise him as he fiddled to a crowd, and asked "who is the musician?"

I am Raftery the poet,  
Full of hope and love,  
My eyes without sight,  
My mind without torment,  
Going west on my journey  
By the light of my heart,  
Tired and weary  
To the end of the road.  
Behold me now  
With my back to a wall,  
Playing music  
To empty pockets.

See Douglas Hyde's *Life of Raftery*.

Dissimilar as these poets are from each other in time, education, and

temperament, they are alike in that they were all poor men, so poor that there was often little difference between them and beggars. They all sing of their poverty: Keating as a fact to be recorded among other facts, O'Rahilly in a very stately and bitter complaint, and Raftery as in the quotation above; but O'Bruadair lets out of him an unending, rebellious bawl which would be the most desolating utterance ever made by man if it was not also the most gleeful.

THE END



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